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ance; and in which shall be given intelligently and without prejudice, a fair rating of every man's work. We have good writers; we have those who have an instinctive love of art in its noblest and truest forms; to one possessed of natural love, combined with facility of expression, necessary knowledge need only be added, and the result is an art critic—and such an one as every respectable daily and literary paper must, ere long, maintain as one of the indispensable of its permanent corps, in order to sustain rank and reputation in the newspaper world.

SCULPTURE.

It is pleasant to note the progress that art is making in our great cities. Few homes of refinement or taste are now to be found without specimens of the painter's or sculptor's art. Pictures, appealing as they do through the medium of color to the masses, are more common and more generally appreciated. Sculpture is, however, rapidly gaining a foothold with us, and is destined ere long to become a power in the land.

Few sculptors of ability have risen among us who have not found liberal and appreciative patronage, while several whose ability is somewhat questionable are luxuriating in Rome and Florence at the expense of indiscriminating patrons.

Nothing can be more elegant in a parlor or gallery than a well executed bust or statue. If well chosen, and by a good artist, such a work is a source of constant delight, and stamps the possessor as a person of refined taste. The demand in sculpture with us Americans, at present, seems to be mostly for portrait busts and statues. Judging from what our sculptors are doing in this direction, posterity will not be at a loss to know what kind of men we were; and surely posterity cannot produce more lovely women and children than some we have seen lately crystalized into marble.

Portrait busts and statues are good. Let them be multiplied. Let noble manhood, lovely womanhood, and innocent childhood be immortalized in marble. But if portraiture is good, ideal works are better. Let the patron who wishes to develop greatness in an artist give him *carte blanche*; leave the subject to him and let him treat it in his own way. There is always something pitiful in trammeling genius. It is like writing a sonnet. It is putting the muse in a straight-jacket. As regards subjects for sculpture, the world is full of them. Ruskin says—"the Bible history is yet to be painted." It is also yet to be sculptured. The age of mythology is past. The field of allegory is a doubtful one for sculpture. But the present, the teeming, throbbing, living present, with its sublime realities, and its grand possibilities, is around us, and from it the poet, painter, and the sculptor may draw the best and truest inspiration. C.

THE Spring and Summer Exhibitions in Boston, New York, Brooklyn, and Chicago, have only been of average interest and importance. In no single instance, we believe, has any artist of note added materially to his former reputation, nor has any new genius arisen to astonish his or her friends, or the art public. In the new collections

for the fall and winter seasons, better things are hoped for and anticipated. Our best artists are too drowsy, too slothful, too content with a superfluity of unintelligent praise and ephemeral fame, to help American art on to the attainment of its proper place in the Art World. The new public impulses, in the way of museums and art education may have an inspirational effect.

HIRAM POWERS, we are sorry to say, has been credited with the writing of one of the most disgraceful letters that has recently found a place in our American journals. The subject of its abuse is Miss Ream and Hon. Demas Barnes, and we fain would believe that "some enemy has done this" over the signature of an artist whom we had learned to love for qualities of mind and heart, no less than for a good degree of ability in his art, and whom we considered too much of a man and an artist to belittle himself in such a manner.

WE are pained to believe, what has been repeatedly brought to our attention, and has now become too generally known to the public, that certain of our Chicago artists are devoting the time they should bestow upon art, to Bacchanalian revels of the most disgraceful character. In the interest of art, and for the protection of respectable members of the profession, we suggest that, for its own credit, the Academy of Design cannot deal too summarily with these cases. It cannot hold its rank in community while tolerating such conduct, or while it retains, in good standing, the members we have indicated. A repetition of the recent occasion which demanded this notice, will also insure a publication of names and facts.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS are among the best the country affords. The object of the Editor has not been so much to present a large list of popular names, as to fill the pages of THE ART REVIEW with the finest efforts of the more pleasing and thoroughly able writers, in its several departments. Some of those are known and loved of all intelligent American readers, while others yet, possessed of equal abilities, have done much to add to the attractiveness and permanent value of our first volume, whose names are rapidly becoming known, and will, in good time, rank with the highest in name as they now do in fact.

ROLLO RAMBLER'S STUDIO.

ARE we more guilty of treason to Theodore Thomas and his wonderful orchestra, or unkindness to ourselves, in allowing our eyes to employ themselves upon those about us while all the hall is alive with the spirits that the leader has invoked by his wonder-working baton? Can we spare a thought to the ephemeral beings about us while the air is thronged with rare harmonies that entrance and bewilder the willing ear, while each sense is held in delicious thrall by the immortal spirits of Beethoven and Mozart that are with us for a moment all too brief? But where else can we read the secret of the freemasonry of souls so easily, so truly, as now? Where else does it drop its mystery and speak through the half closed eye, and the dreamy languor of unconcealed pleasure, as now? That plain boy that we have met a score of times upon the street wears a new face—his real self and true soul stands out, and he is plain no longer. And our next-door neighbors who are very ordinary people, whom we have only known as bread-winners, are ordinary no longer, as they sit, man and wife, shoulder pressing shoulder, the joy of each increased by

the pleasure of the other; and all the avenue people are here, those of substantial intellects and bank accounts, and the simply society folk, commingling. Ah, this curious Freemasonry of Souls. There are, after all, only two classes here—members—and those who can never be such. But it is the style—the proper thing—thank Heaven—to occupy eligible seats, either for hearing, or seeing and being seen, at Theodore Thomas' concerts. And the best are here, along with the stolidly unappreciative, who applaud when the rest do; the *pseudo connaisseur*, who sits with attentive attitude in an artistic pose, apparently insensible to their surroundings, while taking care that the seemingly unconscious motions of the head shall always be in time, and rather anticipate the coming harmonies ere they burst full upon the ear; and here the intelligent critic, who finds so much to enjoy, so little to annoy—and just here we are forced from our gazing about—Beethoven is speaking. We can only listen, and thank God for the great gift of sound and its infinite delights.

THERE is no end of amusement to one at all conversant with art to pass an hour in almost any gallery in the land, listening to the varied criticisms as they fall from the lips of the promiscuous crowd of visitors. Some time since, while the collection of Prang's chromos were hanging side by side with their originals, at the Opera House Gallery, a gentleman from out of town, who was admiring them indiscriminately, had evidently become impressed with the idea that anything in the way of a picture was either a chromo or ought to be chromoed. His attention was finally attracted by a full length portrait by Phillips, and calling Mr. Aitken aside he inquired "How soon will the chromo of that be done?" It was since the last grand reception at the same gallery, and while the place still retained its attractive decorations, that one among the thronging crowd of visitors—perhaps the same as referred to above—seemed very much puzzled over Volk's Lincoln, which was appropriately crowned with a wreath of laurel. The person in question, whose aesthetic pleasures were evidently heightened, if not completed, by his enjoyment of a monstrous apple that he was munching in a comfortable sort of a way, finally accosted a gentleman close at hand with "I say! who is that, any way?" "Mr. Volk's bust of Lincoln," was the courteous reply. "Well, I thought 'twas him, but I didn't know, for I never see him rigged out that way before."

How the conventionalities of life hamper us! Have you never felt an almost irresistible desire to become acquainted with some one whom you chanced to meet, where it was impossible for a mutual friend to pronounce the cabalistic words of introduction, because there happened to be no mutual friend at hand? And if you had happened to address the person whom your fancy had seized upon something after this sort: "My dear sir, or madam, I am glad to have met you. I am sure I shall be pleased to know you, for something in your face has led me to think the acquaintance would prove very congenial," an even hundred chances against you in a hundred that the person addressed would pronounce you fearfully eccentric, if not an actual lunatic. How much more desirable would it be if we could unrestrainedly choose our companions—as we do now in a restricted sense—from among the best the world brings within our notice—too frequently to tantalize without the power of gratification.

"OLD ORCHARD!" What suggestions of breaking lines of surf along the sandy beach; of health-giving breezes, from sea-ward; of quiet pine wood temples where Nature meets, face to face, her faithful worshippers; of all the dear delights that, in a country sea-side resting-place, make life seem a thing more truly worth the living. Such a place is "Old Orchard" Beach at Saco, Maine, and they who care more for Nature and less for Fashion can here receive full reward, aye, tenfold recompense, for all distance traveled, or for all discomfort incurred in reaching this haven,—heaven, I almost said—of quiet summer rest. Leave Long Branch, and Newport, and Cape May, and the score of high-sounding city-spotted places where nature is but a poor, half-scorned, half-unnoticed servant of Art, so-called, where Fashion holds high carnival and revels mid surroundings that her blind and deaf perceptions can neither see nor understand—leave all these, and, flying Eastward, find at the Maine coast such comforts, such scenery, and such surroundings as will make your heart leap for joy, and such returning health and vigor as will impart new courage for another ten months of vacationless toil in your hived-up city place.

INDIVIDUAL ABUSE of power, and misuse of opportunities, or their subservience to the accomplishment of personal ends, nowhere finds so flagrant manifestations as in the conduct pursued by some men who hold connection with great enterprises designed to promote public good, the very largeness of which too often serves as a safe shelter, not only from all exposure, but from inquiry that would only result in unpleasant revelations. And that is a false estimate of a man's duty which causes him to refrain from making bare such wrong-doings for fear of injury to the cause itself.

When, with an editor, the issue becomes one of personal friendship *vs.* public good, there should be no hesitation in making the sacrifice. There are, we believe, many flagrant wrongs in the management of several of our larger Art Institutions which will be made public in future numbers of THE ART REVIEW.

"I AM glad you do not affect the snobbery of ignoring chromos," said the whole-souled editor of *Old and New* very shortly after our first hand-shaking had given place to conversation upon congenial topics. Chromos are the pioneers of a more extended knowledge, and better appreciation of art in this country, and as missionaries of the beautiful to many a poor man's home,—not to say an inexpressible improvement upon so-called "works of art" that frequently cover the walls of aristocratic residences,—are deserving of respect, at least, from those who may happen to be a little more proficient in art-knowledge than their less fortunate neighbors; or who may happen to possess the means which enables them to gratify a taste perhaps not a whit more cultivated than that of others around them, whose art-treasures are only limited by the possibilities of their purses.

A CHARMING walk, along a well-trodden path that leads through a shady wood, brings one to the residence of President King, of Cornell College,—a genial man, far more abundantly endowed for the work which keeps hands and head and heart in a state of unintermitting activity, than is the place for him, financially considered. And in view of this fact, Hon. D. N. Cooley, of Dubuque, President of the Board of Trustees, with a characteristic generosity, for the current year, added, from his pocket, nearly a fourth to the President's former salary.

EDWARD E. HALE has taken a "new departure" in the interest of himself, lecture-hearing humanity, and common sense. Instead of talking on the philosophical questions of society, real progress, and right living, in a manner that, in his case, we must admit one cannot tire of, he is to sugar-coat his rostrum morals by hiding them in the form of a skillfully told story. So *excent* the old-time lecturer and enter the fascinating story-teller. We need not wish the "new departurist" either success or a score of imitators.

It is a good thing for a man sometimes to give loose rein to his noble impulses and desires. He is sure to agreeably astonish his friends; and, ten to one, he will be no less astonished himself.

OUR SKETCH CLUB.

"CHIASTOLITE."

There are many in these present days whose weak vision is bewildered by the clear shining light in which more perfect eyes rejoice. And these owlsh ones, peering from their shadowed paths with dazed sight, perceive not the fair form of Truth standing above and apart from the masquerading crowd, her fine outline clearly defined in the golden radiance, of which she is the centre; but their blinking glances, showing many dancing, distorted shapes, with an arm or a finger of Truth joined to some grotesque and satyr like body, serve only to mislead them still more hopelessly. For they call themselves the champions of Truth, and deludedly dream of intellectual heights where the voice of creed and revelation shall no longer speak to them of allegiance, and where mind shall range at will in the pride of limitless power. While far to the right of their tumultuous and contending ranks sweep on in the beauty of unity, the noble army of the crusade against error, led by the clear-eyed and large-hearted ones, whose proven armor glitters in the rich light, and whose banner carries the white dove and the silver cross on the blue field of faith.

Long ago, in quaint dreamy Andalusia, was found a stone lamellate, and flushed with a pale rose tint. They called it "Chiastolite," for inshrined in its dark recesses lay a crystal cross. Vainly, oh, man, you turn with angry scorn from

the divine Truth, whose golden sandaled feet first touched the earth on Calvary's Hill—vainly, with discordant clamor, you drown the music of her voice that floats through the golden glooms of the gray ages, for, enshrined in the dark recesses of each rocky heart, hidden, unrecked of until the trial stroke reveal it, is the God-graven witness, the crystal cross of eternal truth, before which, in the light of life, or the shadow of death, your false philosophy shall shrink in silent confusion, and the soul shall assert its divine immortality.

OUR last trip to Boston was made pleasant by the company of a well known gentleman of Chicago, who, although not an artist himself, has probably done more for art and artists than any other man in the city. Taking the horse-cars from the Worcester depot, my companion, encumbered with manifold bags and parcels, reached the bell-rope with an effort, when he wished to get off, gave a vigorous pull, and the result was a sharp ring from both bells. "What are you ringing both ends for?" was the discourteous and surly inquiry of the conductor. "Because I wish the car to stop at both ends," was the quiet reply that left a convulsed car-load and discomforted conductor.

"TELL it not in Gath," was the adjuration of a Chicago school teacher the other day. "But I've been reading Bret Harte's stories in school all this week." "As a text-book on California Civilization?" "O, no. I've read to myself at odd moments, and Friday afternoon I told them 'Aliss' with all the graphic power at my command. And every soul of the two hundred urchins hung breathless, on my poor interpretation of the author's spirit." We obey the injunction as regards the place where the fact should not be made public, giving it in confidence to the Sketch Club as the latest method by which an enthusiastic admiration for Mr. Harte finds novel expression.

THE subject of appropriate interior decorations is coming to receive attention more nearly commensurate with its importance. This number of THE ART REVIEW contains a short and suggestive article upon the subject from Mr. Conrad Diehl, Instructor in the Chicago Academy of Design, a gentleman of excellent artistic taste and ability, who could himself, we have an idea, carry his own suggestions into practical execution in a manner eminently pleasing.

THE trials of an artist in Topeka, Kan., as who evidently has too many irons in the fire, are thus graphically described by himself: "If variety be the spice of life I have it with a vengeance. It comes to me about as follows:

Sunday, grinding organ in church.

Monday, life size oil head.

Tuesday, tying vines and replanting.

Wednesday, fixing up photographs.

Thursday, grafting vines and sketching from nature.

Friday, resetting usage hedge.

Saturday, working frantically at art, and making garden.

DE CAPO, *ad libitum*."

OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

TERMS OF TUITION AT THE CHICAGO ACADEMY.

"Will you allow me to make a statement of the *true* condition of things in regard to the schools of the Chicago Academy of Design?

There is a misunderstanding somewhere, and the statements are so extremely foreign to the knowledge of the members of the Council, or the teachers, that I beg to set things to rights.

In an article in THE ART REVIEW for May, I find the following:

"The tuition fee will be \$5.00 per month for rudimental classes, and \$6.00 for *coloring*. Instead of which, parties find upon application at the institution itself, that the expense for instruction in drawing is \$8.00 per month, and in *coloring*, \$50.00 for twenty-four lessons, or \$3.00 per week!"

Now by referring to our *first and only* school circular, I find these terms:

ANTIQUE.—(Drawing from the cast). Day class, open every day, from 9 A. M. till 6 P. M. \$5.00 per month. Evening class, open every evening from 7 till 10. \$3.50. Rudimentary class, open every day, from 9 A. M. till 6 P. M. \$5.00.

LIFE SCHOOLS.—Day class, open on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from 9.30 till 12. \$8.00 per month. Evening class, open on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, from 7 till 9 P. M. \$3.50 per month.

There is nothing at all about "*coloring*," and never was it officially announced. *Coloring*, in *still life*, has been taught by Mr. Diehl, but no extra charge was made. Neither has there ever been any official statement about \$50.00 for twenty-four lessons. I, for one, never heard such a thing ever talked of.

Again: Whatever "facts" the editor of *The Interior* obtained from Academicians—not members of the Council—must have been what they *guessed* at, and is worth, of course, whatever value he may place upon them. He certainly never got any such statements from me. He may have got it mixed with the former prices of the schools, or the artist's private classes, about which I know nothing. The editor is not to be blamed, however, for his report. His desire was to get all the information he could—and for the benefit of the school, for which he has our thanks. Probably the reason why he got these facts in this muddled condition was this:

At that time the schools were not organized. Many plans were discussed, of course, but there was nothing definite. The reason of the delay was that the Council was endeavoring to adopt some plan by which to make the schools as nearly free as possible, without increasing the already heavy tax upon the member's time and purses. It wanted the schools to be endowed, or otherwise supported, by outside contributions, and as this failed, it then allowed the teachers to charge the above fees as a very small remuneration for their time. The Academy—for this term—has not made any charge for rent, heat, light, or models, and has never received any money from the schools, except one dollar a month from such members of the Evening Life class, who were not members of the Academy.

The Academy is willing to support the schools to any reasonable extent, but it cannot now afford to pay the teachers and give away the teaching. Is not the public willing to step forward and aid us in this school matter? If it will but visit the school rooms and see the progress made since last fall, it may be convinced that the schools of this Academy are in the right way, and they should be as free as the city public schools. We invite inspection.

P. FISHE REED, *Cor. Secretary*, C. A. D.

GEO. L. BROWN AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The note affixed to the article on Mr. Brown, in the last number of the REVIEW, stating that a certain letter mentioned in the text had not been written by the Prince of Wales, but by his secretary, has been objected to, as misrepresenting the facts, inasmuch as a letter written by order of the Prince is, to all intents and purposes, a letter written by the Prince himself. To avoid all further controversy, we herewith print the letter entire:

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

PALL MALL, S. W., 31 May, 1867.

SIR I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter requesting me to make such inquiries as were in my power relating to the circumstances attending the presentation of a diamond pin by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales—& which His Royal Highness was pleased to return in acknowledgment of a painting by Mr. George Brown which had been offered for his acceptance by some gentlemen of New York—and was transmitted to England by an Agent named Nichols.—The object of these enquiries being to ascertain whether the pin was intended for the Artist Mr. G. Brown or the Agent.

On submitting your letter for the perusal of the Prince, His Royal highness was pleased to say that he could have no doubt that the pin was intended for the acceptance of the Artist & not the Agent—And on mentioning the matter to one or two gentlemen who were in the Suite of His Royal Highness at the time referred to they fully concurred in the Prince's opinion.

I am, Sir, yr. most obt servt

(signed)

W. KNOWLIS.

We have given the letter, not only *literatim et verbatim*, but have also faithfully followed its punctuation—if that may be said of a piece of writing which shows such sovereign contempt for commas and periods.

THE "TURTLES."

CINCINNATI, May, 1871.

E. H. TRAFTON.

Dear Sir.—In the May number of THE ART REVIEW, your Cincinnati correspondent, Mr. Benton, has been wrongly informed in regard to the Turtle Sketch Club being a part of the McMicken University. We are not connected with it in any way whatever. By correcting the mistake you will oblige the Turtle Tribe. By order of the Club.

THOS. W. RAYMOND, *Sec'y*.